INDIANA ROOM PAMPHLET FILE

The Indian Orchard

" A legend of Fort Harrison Prairie "

By Lelia

T. H. Legends
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In the month of Sept. 1763, on the banks of the Wabash, on a high knoll of ground, now almost within the corporate limits of the flourishing city of Terre Haute, was situated an Indian village. There, before the ax of the bold pioneer had stripped the virgin earth of the primeval forest, stood a luxuriant growth of giant oaks, beneath which, was a thrifty undergrowth of young scions. North and south, along the banks of the river, the vast forests were endless, but east, only a few hundred yards, and the extended prairie almost limited the vision with its broad expanse. The river which here makes a sweeping serpentine bend, reveals, for more than two miles, its swelling bosom to the eye. Overlooking all this-at the top of this knoll -on a bluff bold show, stood this Indian home. The forest, the prairie, the bluff and the river, all conspired to make it a spot of surpassing beauty. The prairie breeze, cooled by the shady grove, kissed the tawny cheeks of the young savages as they gambolled on the green turf. The bubbling music of the waters hymned forth an anthem to the Great Manitou. The young fawm from the dense thicket, looked out upon the scene, then bounded off into the deeper forests. The place was a rural Paradise, and nature, and nature's offsprings here met, wondered, loved and embraced, At evening, when the chase was ended, the young warriors returning, would throw their game at the wigwam door--bathe their brawny limbs in the cooling waters, and while the Mother prepared the repast, reclined under the shade of the umbrageous trees. Around them, in merry mood, would play all the young savages of the village. They would bend their tiny bows at the intended mark, and then leap and dance and sing.

If from the valley of James' river, Virginia one could have been translated to this village this moment of time, he would have discovered, among those Indian Maidens, one of not more noble mein, but of different complexion. For the dark, flashing eagle eye, the aquiline nose, the prominent cheeks and the straight black hair of the Native American, he would have discovered the mild blue eye, the straight Grecian nose, the round convex cheek and the curling flaxen hair of the Anglo-Saxon. He could have seen too, that young girl amusing the rest of her play-mates, by her superior intuitive knowledge. She looked to the west, and as the sun, bathed his broad disc in a sea of gold, would ask: "Who hung that sun in the heavens, and painted those clouds with such beauty?" and when the God of light sunk behind the western skies, from her lips, in rich Algonquin strains, would swell forth this retiring hymn of the Indian Maiden:

Great is our Manitou, He sends the rain and holds the lightning in His hand. Great is our Manitou, there is no name Like His,

and this is His chosen land.

In the forest the Indian hunter finds
The nimble fawn. In the waving fields,
Touched to ripeness by His breath, he binds
The yellow corn, and spreads the evening meals.
Great, great, then, is the Indian's Manitou.

The vesper being closed, all assembled around the old men to hear the war deeds, one hundred times already told. Listening to the story of one of those grey haired warriors as he "fought his battles over again." I will save my heroine, and ere the old man has concluded his tale, I will carry you, gentle reader, through some of the interesting historical incidents of this legend.

When Pennsylvania first learned the propriety of defending the west against the colonial settlement of any foreign power, she found it necessary to establish a firm peace with the Indians along the Ohio and Wabash, and to do this, it was desirable to show a strong force in the midst of their settlements, "At her own cost, this gallant State furnished one thousand troops, and Virginia contributed a corps of volunteers." They commenced their line of march, under Bouquet, for the great West, in Oct. 1763. "With this little army," says the historian, "went many who had lost children, and friends, and came to search the wilderness for the captives." The Mother rushed through every deserted village, to see if perchance any tidings of her bright-eyed boy could be learned. The brother sought intelligence of a fair haired sister, who had been torn from the parental roof in days long gone by. Every sylvian nook was explored-every extended prospect scanned, and every friendly savage importuned. Bouquet marched far into the wilderness, until one calm autumnal day he found the chiefs and warriors of the Senecas, the Delawares and the Shawnees, seated around the council fires, smoking the calumet, and entreating for peace. They pledged themselves to bring in the white prisoners and bury the tomahawk.

The Shawnees, the most violent and warlike of all the tribes, accepted the terms of peace with dejected sullenness, but promised, by their orator, Red Hawk, to collect all the white captives from the different towns, and restore them by the coming Spring.

Runners were therefore sent to all the Indian villages to command them to bring in their captives. A bold stalwart, swift running Shawnee brave, who was just verging into manhood, was dispatched to carry the intelligence to families along the Wabash. He kept a direct course, looking to the bark of the trees for his guide--drinking from the thousand springs that gushed all along his pathway--sending his unerring arrow into the light footed hare when he desired a repast--plucking the rich fruit which hung in enticing clusters from the pending limbs--sleeping with the sky for his covering and the earth for

his bed, until, at length he arrived at the bluff, which bounds Fort Harrison prairie on the south east, near where the little white Church now overlooks the plain below.

It was past meridian of an autumnal day-the September winds had tinged the forest with crimson and with gold. The prairie, luxuriant with a thousand years' richness, stretched in airy indulations far to the north and the south. Through the interstices in the trees which lined the river banks, sparkled, like molten silver, the calm, placid Wabash. It was a scene of peace, of plenty and of happiness. No sounds of busy life broke the eternal stillness. It was a prospect more enchanting- more rapturous than ever blessed the eyes of a pale face.

Upon this bluff, in bold outline, clad in rich Indian costume,. and completely armed, stood Nemo, the hero of this legend. Shaded by the deep, dark forest from which he just emerged, he seemed in full relief,-a bright figure on a dark back-ground. He wore in his hair some pinions clipped from the wing of a mountain eagle. A belt richly wrought and artistically painted, encircled his waist, in which hung a scalping-knife and tomahawk. Over his shoulders, with more than Roman grace, was thrown a dressed deer skin, and on his panting bosom, hung a polished plate of steel. As Nemo looked upon this scene, an eagle darted from the woods and screamed above his head-emblematic of the freedom of the Indian's home. Instinctively he bent his bow, and an arrow, freighted with death, transfixed its heart- emblematic of the poor Indian's fate.

The sun was fast sinking in the west, painting each cloud with glory and with fire, when the eyes of Nemo-caught the river, the smoke of the wigwam curling in peace through its branches. With a beating heart our messenger approached the village, and as the watch dog bayed him off, he put his hand to his quiver of arrows and demanded the protection of a stranger and friend.

The old warrior whom we left "fighting his battles o'er" has finished, and flushed with the excitement of his story, he beheld of a sudden our young warrior standing in his wigwam door. The form of the old warrior became erect- his nostrils dilated- his eyes sparkled with rage, and his stalwart frame seemed to tower into giant proportions. He knew from the stranger's manner and his scalp lock, that he was a hated Shawnee.- He yelled the war-whoop, sprung for his bow and arrows, his tomahawk and scalping knife. The young Shawnee stepped a pall from the door, placed an arrow to his bow string and raised it to his eye. The old warrior raised his tomahawk and advanced, but ere he reached the young chief, the sylph like form of Lena stood before him. Her blue eyes flashed, and her tiny hand rested on the arm of the old chief. Trembling with terror she said, "My father touch not the stranger- he only asks shelter and food. Did a Delaware ever refuse either? He is indeed a Shawnee, an enemy but a stranger, he is tired and asks for repose, hungry and wants food, thirsty

and needs drink. Did a Delaware ever thus drive a stranger from his door?" The old man dropped the tomahawk and bid the stranger welcome.

Nemo rehearsed the story of his mission. He took from his neck a string of wampum shells. Upon some were carved the features of a pale face walking towards the rising sun. The likeness of a great chief was upon another shell, and Nemo was represented as leading the pale face toward the east. The old chief knew the import of all this. He read the Indian symbolical language, and comprehended it. The stranger was to lead to the east the pale face captives, and his authority was the likeness of the great chief. The old warrior bowed before the imperial mandate- he knew death was the penalty of its violation. Nemo then went into the details of his mission. Lena listened attentively, she knew she was a pale face, across her memory like filmy clouds vailing a summer sky, ever and anon would flit the dreamy recollections of other days, of other scenes. Faint as the images of childhood would associations after association spring up in her mind. The whisperings of a mother's love, a father's care. The faint picture of another home- where pale faces joined in her childish sports. She recollected a little brook which flowed by her childhood's home, and how her playmates sent upon its limpid waves their tiny boats.

She had spiritual breathings of these and her awaxing soul told her she was not as those who surrounded her. She looked into the placid bosom of the Wabash, and there was reflected a face not of the color of her Indian sisters or brothers. These, all conspirings made her incline a willing ear to the rehearsal of Nemo's mission.

The old man looked at Lena and wept, tears only come to an Indians eye when the heart is overflowing.

"My father," said Lena, "has the Great Spirit refused to hear your prayer? Is the deer driven from the forest to be destroyed by the wolves? Has our earth refused to give ripeness to her fruits? Or why those tears?"

"My daughter," said the warrior, "thy step is as light as the fawn, and thy spirit as pure as the morning dewdrop, more than one hundred moons have waned since I took thee to my wigwam. Then was thy arm weak and thy step feeble. As a parent I loved thee, as a father I protected thee from the tomahawk and scalping knife. I then was the bravest in battle, the foremost in the chase. Myarm was quick to bend the bow, my eye to seek the game. Now my arm is feeble, my eyes dim with age. The war-whoop finds the echo in my heart, and the deer fear not my approach. In my old age, my fair haired, blue eyed child, I must give thee up. Thou wilt go to another father, another home. I will never see thee more. The prairie grass will soon spring above my grave, and the lullaby of the Wabash will sing my requiem. But my

daughter will never forget her Indian father. In other days you will return, but I will not be here.

"Return! why does my father speak of my returning said Lena? I can not, must not, will not leave you."

"Little dost thou know what thou sayest, my daughter," replied the chief, "for by the first light that illumines the eastern sky thou wilt be taken from me."

"Taken from thee, and for what?" asked Lena.

"For being what thou art, a pale face," answered the chief.

"A pale face, because my hair is lighter than my sisters, and my face not so dark- is that why I must leave thee?"

"It is. Thou art not a Delaware. To the east, where the sun rises, lives thy people. Close by where the roar of the mighty waters always hymn the praise of the Great Spirit, are the wigwams of thy fathers. Many summers ago, I snatched thee from the burning wigwam of thy mother, and made thee my child."

"And am I not thy child yet? I have no father but thee, no home but this," said Lena.

"My Child," said the old chief, waste not words, the moments fly, the grey light is almost ready to burst forth in the east- the wolf will soon return to his den, the owl to the deeper forest- take what is thine and be ready to follow the young Shawnee."

Morn's rosy blushes lighted upon the eastern sky, and ere the dewdrops were dried from the prairie grass, Nemo and the pale face captive had taken leave, and were on their way towards the rising sun. They crossed the prairie at a diverging angle, and Nemo with his charge stood again on the bluff which commands the prairie below. As they traveled, at different points along their path, the captives were brought, until ten of different age and sexes trailed in a straight line after him.

After this silent path- through the dark lonely forest, at noon and night- the attentions of Nemo were assiduous towards Lena. He first admired, then respected, and at last loved her. How the brave Shawnee wooed and won the Anglo-American maiden, it is not necessary here to state. But if the panther screamed, Nemo stood by the side of Lena. If the storm roared, he sheltered her beneath his deer skin. If the night was cold, he threw his robe over her. If the wolf growled or gnashed his teeth around their camp fires, he stood in front of her, placed an arrow in his bow, and sent it through the intruder's heart.

At last the Spring came, the captives had reached their

place of destination. The Delawares, the Shawnees, and Seneca Chiefs were assembled. Bouquet and his men were there, and the pale face captives were handed over to the whites. Nemo determined not to lose his fair haired betrothed, and Lena loved the young Shawnee, more than the recollections of her early home. She was just ripening into womanhood- she loved the forest- her Indian home which she had left behind, and felt in her heart of hearts, a warm, burning admiration for Nemo. She was taken with the rest of the captives, to the State of Pennsylvania, and there, along the banks of the Susquehanna, where was once her home, she was given to her relations. Her mother and father slept beneath the clods of the valley. Some, who said they were her brothers and sisters, welcomed her back to civilization.— She knew them not- her heart was with her Indian lover, and her Indian brothers and sisters. They placed before her the choicest viands, and they were unpalatable. They essayed to charm her by the rich melody of music, but she loved more the whisperings of Nature sighing through the forest and roaring in the storm. They taught her Christian precepts, but she preferred the Indian's Christian example- they told her of a triune God, but how could an untutored mind comprehend a mystery so profound. She worshipped the Great Spirit, as she "saw Him in the clouds and heard Him in the winds." Lena was unhappy- often a tear would glisten in her eye as she would press a beautifully wrought gift of Nemo's to her lips.

Thus, between hope and despair, passed many months. The forest was again tinged with autumnal hues. The hazy stillness of Indian Summer vailed the mountains and the valleys- Nature was keeping her Sabbath, and the summer sun was receding behind the gauze of autumn, when, in the distance, was seen the tall plume of an Indian warrior. Alarm seized every heart, and fear sat upon every brow. The warrior came on apace- his form was symetrical and manly. Over his shoulder hung a quiver filled with arrows- his step was proud and defiant- Lena looked from the window- a thrill passed through her heart- the warrior came on- twas Nemo- she rushed to the closed door- the bar was thrown down, and with one bound she threw herself into the embrace of her Indian lover. Heart beat to heart, and they were one.

The Shawnee warrior had come to claim his fair-haired affianced./ The laws of Pennsylvania prohibited the marriage of Indians to whites, but it could not prevent their loving. The statute gave freedom to females over eighteen years, under the law, she could go and return at her pleasure. Nemo asked Lena to go back with him to her Wabash home- she consented: the law was resorted to to prevent her- but the law was powerless- she clung with a woman's love to her plighted troth, and while her pale-faced brothers slept, she, by the side of her Indian lover, dashed into the dark forest, and taking the Indian trail, and with the Indian knowledge, struck for the west. No hound or horse, no man or beast, could hope to overtake them. Love gave impetus to their flight, and limbs used to the mountain track and the valley's path, carried them forward, When, beyond all civilization- when the deer became tame, and the panther and the

bear only left the pathway to let the lover's pass. In this universal solitude, where Nature, fresh from the hand of the Creator, was all around them, these, Nature's children, without the forms of law, and governed by no earthly statute, were married.— They swore eternal faith and fidelity, and became one. The young fawn from the impending thicket, witnessed the scene, and bounded away- the eagle from his eyrie screamed a blessing from above, and the Great Spirit, with his omnipotent eye, looked down and approved the happy union. There, surrounded by Nature's glorious image, and not by art's gaudy trappings, were Nemo and Lena forever wedded.

Over the mountains, along the valleys, across the rivers, and up the precipice, led their undeviating way. True as the needle to the pole, was Nemo's knowledge of the woods. Silent, even as lovers, they traveled the vast forest, which separated the Wabash from the Susquehanna.

Nothing occurred to mar the even tenor of their journey until they were passing about the line which now divides the State of Ohio from the State of Indiana. Some signs of footprints had been seen all day- here, the decayed leaves were pressed as though a human foot had been upon them- there a twig was broken off, and slight openings made in the bushes higher then the head of the deer would be seen in different places, and at last, a piece of old moccasin was found in the trail. Nemo picked it up, examined it attentively, looked at the way the Porcupine quills were woven in it, and in a half audible voice, whispered into the anxious ear of Lena- Miami's! Silently and cautiously they kept the trail. The Miami's and Shawnees were mortal enemies. Onward they kept their course to the setting sun, until coming to a dense growth of oaks, of a sudden, quick as the bounding of the mountain cat, three Miami warriors rushed upon them. Nemo leaped to a tree, and one of the warriors caught Lena and commenced tying her hands. Nemo's arrow was in his bow- the Miami shielded himself behind the trembling captive, keeping Lena's head between Nemo and his breast. Twang, sounded Nemo's bow, and a trusty arrow, shaving a ringlet from the captives temple, trembled in the heart of the audacious Miami. The tree saved Nemo from his other foes. Another warrior sprang to the captive and endeavored to carry her off. Like the tiger from his lair, Nemo bounded on him and buried his tomahawk deep in his skull. Now there remained one more Miami, one Shawnee. Lena stood paralyzed with fear. Nemo's arrow missed- the Miami's passed through his scalp lock. Each warrior drew his tomahawk, and they whistled in the air. Then face to face, and steel to steel, they advanced to meet in deadly combat. Nemo fought for love and life. The brave Miami for hate of the Shawnee. Each warrior eyed the other, as does the panther before he makes his spring. Nemo's knife first tasted the Miami's blood. The combat was almost an equal one. Two stalwart braves determined to conquer or die. In an unquarded moment, the Miami felt a sharp pang tremble through his whole frame. Nemo's knife had found way to his heart, and he

was dead.

There lay the three Miami braves, all sent into the spirit world by the young Shawnee. Their scalp locks were secured as a trophy and the warrior and his bride continued their journey.

Many times the sun guilded the west before they reached what is now called Fort Harrison prairie. The leaves had fallen from the trees, the frost had come, and winter spread her mantle of snow over every surrounding object. In this season of the year, Nemo again stood upon the bluff which overlooks the prairie. Desolution, dreary and solemn, was before him. Still as the chamber of death were the sombre forest, and the undulating prairie. Where the City of Terre Haute now stands, was then covered with large elms and oak trees. The line of the prairie followed near where now runs the Wabash and Erie Canal on the east- east of that, Lost Creek sluggishly wended its way through many miles of marshy ground, and the prospect was much changed from the time Nemo first beheld this picturesque region. Lena, eager to again see her Indian home, looked to the high knoll of ground, which overlooks the Wabash near where the Railroad bridge crosses the river. There was no smoke curling from the wigwams. They crossed the prairie coming to the "high ground" close by the Terre Haute House, and passing rapidly along until they came to the cleared spot now known as the "Old Indian Orchard." There was no watch-dog to bay Nemo off as heretofore- no merry laugh of children to welcome Lena's return- no Indian father to receive her with open arms. One of these intestine feuds that is so terrible among the savage tribes, had swept away the old Chief and his entire family. No sign of life was there- a few chared bones and smouldering ruins were all that remained of Lena's once happy home. It was a dreary prospect for the young warrior and the young husband- but an Indian is never discouraged. His trust is too high, too profound. He knows the earth will yield her fruits, that the showers will come and he is too thankful to despond.

The tomahawk supplied them with poles, and planting ten in the ground at equal distances, in a circle whose diameter was twelve feet, by a strong withe the tops were brought almost together, thus forming in approved Indian style the frame work of a primitive wigwam. Bark from the forest was procured and fastened on all sides of these poles, making a comfortable room against the bleak winds which swept across the prairie. The fire was built, and the smoke curled out the aperture at the top. This being done, Nemo took his bow and arrows and went in pursuit of game. Each night he returned with skins and choice bits from the deer, the bear and the elk. The skins were used by Lena in lining the inside of the wigwam, and spreading on the level earth formed a couch. Soon all through this Indian wigwam, hanging in rich festoons, wherever a pole could be placed or a peg fastened, where strips of jerked venison and other wild meats. There was plenty in the wigwam, and love and content in each heart.

Thus passed away the winter, and when March came soon the rough cry of the wild goose was heard coming up from the sunny South- the quack of the duck echoed along the river. The Wabash rose and shook the ice from its bosom. The blue bird, first messenger of Spring sang its matin song- the blackbird chirped- the red breast begged a crumb from the door. One by one the birds came out on the trees, the wild flowers sprung spontaneous from the earth- the woods were robed in their mantle of green, and spring in all her freshness and beauty was there. The home of Lena was her study. She gathered wild flowers and turned them in beautiful wreaths on either side of the door. She served the evening repast under an arbor of budding branches, and made her home, what an Indian's home always is- one of peace, more desirable than the greatest riches- one of contentment, more to be valued than rubies and fine gold- one of virtue the brightest jewel of a woman's heart.

Here upon this knoll of ground which so beautifully overlooks what is now called Gordon's Bend, more than 75 years ago, stood this Indian wigwam. At night the scream of the panther and the howl of the wolf, was all that broke the universal stillness. In the daytime, excepting when the storm thundered and the wild birds sang, it was silent. No sound of busy life started nature from her repose. Everything grew to perfection, but it grew in silence. Nature was true to her children, and Nemo and Lena were happy. Their light canoe danced, "like a thing of life" over the rippling waters, and the finny tribe afforded them a bountiful repast. They had abundance- nature requires but little. They asked for no luxuries, for nature requires none. No gossip, slander or falsehoods chilled their hearts. They lived as the Great Spirit taught them. Disease and pain were strangers to them. Violating no law of their being they did not have to pay the penalty. They lived and loved and were happy. Oh! what a rural Paradise was this. Nature's offsprings gamboling upon the green turf- sporting in the bright sunshine and breathing the pure air- plucking the rich fruits- gathering the ripe nuts, and killing the fat game.

Lena in her flight from her pale face home had gathered a few apple seed, which she still had with her, and which, as the Spring opened she planted around her wigwam. Soon they sprouted from the ground, and thus began the "Indian Orchard" which for so many years has shaded this knoll, and the remains of which are still to be seen. A boy, bright eyed and fair, possessing his mother's tenderness, his father's heroism, had blessed their union. Not so swarthy as his father, nor so pale faced as his mother- he was neither, and yet both. His baby tongue had not yet learned to lisp his mother's name, nor his boy eyes to know his father's coming. He nestled in his mother's bosom, as a young eaglet nestles under the wing of its parent. She dressed his tiny limbs in gaudy painted deer skins, and fixed little plumes from the wing of the red bird on his infantile head. She

wreathed festoons of wild flowers around his brow, and put bracelets, twined from autumnal leaves on his little arms. Lena possessed all that could give happiness to woman- the love of a noble heart, and the mother of a smiling boy.

Thus lived Nemo and Lena and their little boy, in this wild wood home. Spring and summer had come and passed- autumn was yet "lingering in the lap of winter." A hazy atmosphere hung over the Wabash and covered the prairie. The sere and yellow leaf broke from its impending stem- whirled in the still air and fell to enrich the earth. The birds of passage winged their way to the South. The song of the blackbird had ceased and a still melancholy brooded over the extended landscape. The rays of the declining sun struggled through the dull, smoky air, and a soft echo fell upon the ear of Nemo. It at first was like the chirp of a bird, then the growl of a wolf, and at last the scream of a panther. Nemo looked down the river and his quick eye, soon caught the feathery plumes of five painted warriors. Were they Shawnees or Miamis! whispered Nemo- were they friend or foes. Silently he watched, and stealthily they approached. Coming up the bank crouching in Indian file, Nemo recognized them as the hated Miamis. He sprang for his bow and arrows, his tomahawk and his scalping knife. Lena concealed the babe and stood by the door, protected by her husband. When within a proper distance, Nemo demanded whey they came- they growled defiance and hurriedly came on. Quick as the lightning stroke, an arrow from Nemo's bow pierced the foremost intruder. A Shawnee never parleys with a Miami. The war whoop rang through the forest and the Miamis rushed to the contest. Nemo knew there was no quarter for him and he asked for none.

"He looked to river, forest, prairie and plain. As what he never should see again."

Another arrow stilled the heart throbs of another Miami. But now they were upon him. Before Nemo was his hereditary foe, behind him his home, his wife and boy. No panther ever pressed by the hunters hounds fought more desperately, more heroically. He shouted the defiant war song-sprung from his wigwam door and buried his tomahawk in the third Miamis brain. The two remaining sent their arrows into Nemo's breast. He reeled retreated to his wigwam door, and shaking defiance at his enemies, fell dying in the arms of Lena. The wife and mother tore the thirsty arrows from his bleeding breast, and with them, ebbed out his life. Here he lay rigid in death- the Miami warriors stood around. Lena, snatched her boy from his cover, threw him into the arms of a Miami warrior- buried the scalping knife into her own heart, and fell dying on the cold remains of Nemo. The infant smiled in the arms of the murderers of his heroic father, and his spotless mother. He fondled the eagle feathers which decorated their scalp-locks, and lisped his baby talk unto their wondering ears could they destroy this child? Nature is everywhere. They thought of their rude barbarians at home, playing around their own wigwam fires.

Nature is everywhere-whether it be in the blood stained vulture as it "cleaves the storm"- whether in the tiger as it guards its whelps- whether in the savage as he stands amid blood and carnage, there is a cord which when touched to action, vibrates always for the right.

They resolved to spare the child, and Nemo and Lena were buried side by side on the top of this knoll. Their once happy home was pillaged and destroyed, and in after times naught was left to mark the spot, but a few scattering apple trees that had been planted by Lena's hands, and which were bearing fruit, when the first white man visited this spot.

The child was taken care of by the Miamis. He was adopted as one of the tribe, and when he ripened into manhood, while he had the costumes and language of the Miamis, still in his soul was the fire and bravery of the Shawnees. He grew into manhood and learning his origin, went to the homes of the Shawnees and joined the tribe. Identifying his fortune with those who fought against the encroachments of the whites, he soon found himself a boon companion of the heroic Tecumseh. He was with that noble savage when he treated with Gen. Harrison- resisted the gallant charge of Col. Jo. Davis at Tippecanoe and fell all covered with wounds, when fell Tecumseh at the battle of Thames.

The grave of the two lovers was long an object of veneration by the Indians, and in their legends they thought that the spirits of the departed vigils around this resting place. As the war parties in their canoes would pass this spot, a finger would be placed upon their lips- the paddles unmoved, and silence, complete and profound would be observed by everyone. If perchance the canoe touched the shore, the older and bravest of the warriors of the party, would approach the grave, sprinkle ashes of the tobacco around the mound, puff a few whiffs, and as the smoke arose and floated on the still air, they would chant a mystical song to the Great Spirit.

For many long years, when the young Shawnee maidens passed along this prairie, they would stop at the Orchard, and if the fruit hung ripe on the trees, they would refrain from touching an apple, but left them for the spirits that hovered near. The most fragrant wild flowers were strewn over the graves, and choice pieces of buffalo meat, placed in little wooden urns, left to appease the spiritual essence of the departed. They would take a bird of the richest plumage- place around its neck a tiny wampum string, and while encircling the sacred spot, let it go, and as it ascended up and up, until it was lost to sight in the blue distance, a weird channt, half audible and half suppressed, would be given, to help the winged messenger to carry the Indian's blessing to the spirit world.

Thus the "Indian Orchard" became a consecrated place to the red man, and thus, did the men and maidens of the forest pay homage to heroism, to fidelity and virtue.

N ORCHARD
DAVID S. DANALDSON, Proprietor.
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Folklore
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FOR THE WABASH ARTISAN.

THE WHITE DOVE:

A Legend of the Wabash.

BY G. A. S.

Like the clouds of passion passing from the face of man and giving place to the smiles of joy, it seems that some magician's wand has wrought the change upon this land.

The bearing trees of fruit, the smiling groves, the producing fields which fill the "horn of plenty" and make the heart grow glad, now fill that place where almost impenetrable and frowning forests stood. Nor do we ask if prairie, swamp, or wood land, was where now our gardens are—how natural not to look back upon the past, when that past brings no honor with it—such is the indifferent presumption with which society stares us in the face. Even now we dare not ask the millionheir* or the worshipped son of fashion of his *pedigree*, for fear that while he sports with wanton pleasure we may behold his progenitors thrust from a home—cast away upon the warm charities of the world.

But our story begins before this change in the features of our land—before it changed from the hands of the sturdy pioneers into those of the speculator—before the rich man forgot his poorer brother, or the *child* disinherited its parent. When the red man kindled his fire and broiled his ghark upon the prairie, without fear of molestation from his Eastern neighbors, who were beginning to come over the mountains, as the rising sun, in time to diffuse light and knowledge over the West.

The memorable exploits of the daring Boone and Kenton, had not echoed back to the home of their fathers. The Indians were awakening from their lethargy of peace, and rising to repel the invaders from their hunting ground.

An Indian encampment was pitched upon the bank of the Wabash—all was preparation for an attack upon the white settlement, in Kentucky, known by the name of Boone's Station. Though the Indian has little to prepare for battle, except seeing that his rifle, tomahawk and scalping knife is in order; yet there seemed to be some invisible force detaining them—no brave seemed willing to lead in the march.

Soon all was ready—but where was she?—Where was the White Dove? Unless her benediction was upon them, they did not feel certain of success. And where is Lupaska, the mighty brave?

"Say, will the White Dove, who hovers around this heart, as a radiant hope from the spirit land, be mine?"

"This is no time to talk of love—see, the braves and their warriors await thee; up, and away! my blessing be with thee and them."

"Remember the heart of Lupaska is strong, ready to forgive an injury or to resent one.—Again, if thou will be mine, the scalps of the white man shall be at thy feet, and the scalp of our enemy, Boone, shall hang at thy girdle?"

"My heart beats for you, O! Lupaska, but the Great Spirit has revealed to it another sun—I can never be thine."

A shout from a small scouting party broke in upon them, they were returning from a successful scout against the whites, and brought in with them one prisoner and many scalps and plunder. This delayed the other war party a short time. After leaving their wounded prisoner, (for he had his arm severely shattered,) to be disposed of, on their return, in charge of the White Dove, (as his physician,) and a few Indians to guard the camp, they set out upon their excursion, headed by their brave, and noble, but disappointed chief, Lupaska.

Several days had passed, and the White Dove had been regular in dressing the wounds of the prisoner—but, one, two—several days flew by ere she came again. When she appeared to him again, she wore not the timid, wild and native look, which characterised her first coming; but dignified and almost majestic, yet not beyond discretion, was her graceful reappearance. And in the clear persuasive tones of her native tongue, she begged forgiveness for the negligence with which she had treated him.

"Let me ask the White Dove, the reason of her long absence? Has the absence of some favored brave caused her uneasiness of heart? Or did the duties of a nurse become irksome and hateful? Yet, even if the latter were true, I forgive her."

"Does the White Dove give way to trifles, though her heart is as timid as the cooing dove's of the forest? Does she forget the afflicted? No! it was not these. But a sad spell has been upon her, and the light and joyful life of former years are gone forever—all seems dark—dark for the future."

"Tell me the nature of this spell—this dream?"

"The last time I dressed your wound, which I now perceive, is beyond the need of my attention, and had returned and finished my duties in the camp, I seated myself in the door of my wigwam. The sun had long since found a peaceful rest behind the forest trees, and the pale moon mirrored itself in the bosom of the water—the bright stars danced upon the rippling waves; indeed it was a lovely sight. But a dark cloud passed between it and me. I saw no more, for my eyes seemed blinded, and my sight turned inward. 'Twas here the dark cloud rested, then passing away, I beheld my childhood's home. I knew it was the home of my childhood—since this dream, I remember it well. There was the low cottage-house, with its long porch, the fields and the meadows, and the beautiful lawn which leads to the creek, which skirted the dark wood—the only terror of my childhood. And I saw two children playing upon the lawn at the edge of the water; their laugh rang clear and loud in their childish glee, and they laughed again to catch the echoing sound. These were childhood's happy hours of innocence that come but once. The girl was hurried a captive into the dark wood which she so much dreaded, and the boy escaped. I saw no more, for the dark cloud lowered upon me, and I was oppressed, near to suffocation—years seemed to have passed in the agony of this torture, and I should have died had not the cloud passed from me, and I hoped forever."

"But, again, these two beings were together, yet they knew not the playmates of their youthful years, and their fates were changed; he lay a wounded captive in the hands of his enemies, and the girl now, free as the forest bird, ministered to his daily wants—this was a happy hour to her, short as it was sweet.—The cloud was rising and settling over him—this was my dream—farewell!"

"Stay," and he would have detained her and clasped her to his arms, but she was gone.

This last act was not unobserved by Lupaska, who was just mourning home, somewhat in advance of his war party. A dark scowl of hatred was on his brawny features, and a glance of revengeful fire flashed from his piercing eyes. He passed on, not seemed to give any other recognition of the prisoner; but this one had sealed his fate—torture by the stake—equalled only by the sufferings of the Inquisition. As the prisoner sat brooding over the strange conduct of the White Dove and the strangeness of her dream, his mind had wandered back to the time when he had played by the margin of a stream with the fair-haired girl, dear to his boyhood—lost, as was supposed by all her friends—lost forever. And now the thought flashed upon him—"This is her—it must be her! I will snatch her from this wild and savage life and bear her to our friends."

But the dark clouds had settled over him, and its torrents will soon wash him from the shores of life. The time had come, and the stake and faggots were prepared—the prisoner was to be burned. The unsuccessful march of the war party, lent diabolical energy and cruelty to their actions.

The fire was crackling around him, but he heeded it not, his gaze was fixed upon an object unnoticed by his tormentors in their eagerness for revenge. It was such a night as that on which the White Dove had her dream, only the moon and the stars looked upon a scene more solemn, and the eyes of the prisoner was resting upon the same. The White Dove floated in her light canoe upon the bosom of the noble stream—for a moment she looked upon the scene of cruelty, then her eyes and hands were raised as if in supplication to the throne of love, for the Great Spirit to look down in mercy and forgiveness, upon them and her, for the sins they were committing. A plung and all seemed over—with one wild bound, as if superhuman power was given him, the prisoner burst his cords and broke through the Indian's ranks, and plunging beneath the waters of the Wabash, he arose where the White Dove rose for the last time, clasping her in his arms, he boldly pushed for the opposite shore. But, alas! the sharp report of a rifle rang through the echoing wood, and two spirits soared to heaven, and their bodies sank beneath the waves of the proud river, which rolled on, not seemed to know that two loving hearts slept within its bosom.

W

* Quere—Millionaire, the owner of a million of property.—Ed.

Legends (T.H)

Lena & Nemo — 'The Legend of Indian Orchard'

Historically Speaking

By Dorothy Clark

The legend of Indian Orchard begins September, 1763. On the banks of the Wabash River was an Indian village, about where Pillsbury Plant and the Terre Haute Water Works are now located. Among the tribe of Delaware Indians was a young white woman named Lena who had been reared by the old chief as one of his daughters. She was a small child when she was stolen from her parents in an Indian attack on the white settlement in Pennsylvania.

When it was decided to force the return of white captives to their homes and families, the Shawnees appointed a young brave, Nemo, to carry the news to the villages along the Wabash and to collect the white captives and return them to their homes.

Arriving at the river bluff encampment on the southeast edge of Fort Harrison Prairie, Nemo presented himself to the chief. Wearing eagle feathers in his hair, his richly wrought belt encircling his waist from which hung his tomahawk and scalping knife, while over his shoulders was draped a dressed deerskin, he explained his mission.

Nemo took from his neck a string of wampum shells. Upon some were carved the features of a pale-face walking toward the rising sun. The likeness of a great chief was carved on another shell, and Nemo was represented as leading the pale-face toward the East.

The old chief understood the message as he read the Indian symbolic language. The next morning early, Lena took sorrowful leave of her Indian foster family and left her Wabash home with Nemo and ten other white captives who were also being returned.

At last spring came, and the party reached its destination. The Delaware, the Shawnee and Seneca chiefs were assembled, and the white captives were handed over to the white authorities.

Taken To Pennsylvania

Nemo determined not to lose his fair-haired sweetheart, and Lena loved the Shawnee more than the faint memories of her childhood. She was taken to Pennsylvania, along the banks of the Susquehanna, to her former home and given to relatives. Her parents had been dead for some time, and though her brothers and sisters welcomed her, she longed to be with her Indian lover and her Indian home.

An unhappy year slowly passed, and in the fall of 1764 Nemo returned for Lena. The laws of Pennsylvania prohibited marriage between Indian and white, but it could not prevent their loving each other. The statute gave freedom to females over 18 years of age, and under that law she could follow her heart and go back to the Wabash with Nemo.

Slipping off while her family slept, the young couple headed west. Being Nature's children, they swore eternal faith and were married in sight of God or the Great Spirit as they worshipped Him. And so on their way, they traveled through the vast forest from the Susquehanna to the Wabash.

Attacked By Miamis

Only one incident marred the homeward journey. They were attacked by three Miami warriors, the dreaded foe of the Shawnees. After a terrific struggle, Nemo managed to kill all three, and the warrior and his bride continued their journey.

It was winter time before they reached what is now the Terre Haute House after crossing the prairie. Lena, eager to again see her Indian home, looked to the high knoll overlooking the Wabash, near where the railroad bridge now crosses the river. But there was no joyful homecoming. One of those inter-tribal feuds that were so terrible among the savage tribes had swept away the old chief and his entire family. No sign of life was to be seen, a dreary prospect for the young couple, but neither was discouraged.

With the tomahawk, Nemo cut ten poles which he planted in a circle, bringing the tops together to form the framework of their wigwam. A covering of bark was gathered, a fire was lighted, and they were quickly sheltered from the winter weather. Nemo's bow provided necessary food, the deer, bear and elk yielding neat and clothing, and they survived the winter.

Apple Seeds Planted

In the spring of 1765, Lena planted a few apple seeds near the wigwam, seeds she had brought with her from Pennsylvania. Soon they sprouted, and were the beginning of Indian Orchard, so long associated with Terre Haute history.

To complete their happiness, a baby son was born, bright-eyed and fair. Lena dressed him in the finest of deerskin, adorning his tiny head with feathers from the red bird. Spring and summer were happy times for the little family in their isolated wildwood home. Autumn haze lingered in the air over

(over)

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the Wabash.

One evening Nemo spied five painted warriors stealthily approaching from down river. Coming up the bank, crouching in Indian file, he recognized the hated Miamis. He grabbed his bow and arrows, his tomahawk and knife. Lena concealed the baby and stood behind her husband.

Knowing a Shawnee never parleyed with a Miami, the Miamis rushed in. Nemo's first arrow pierced the first intruder as his war-whoop echoed through the forest. A second arrow killed another Miami, but Nemo was outnumbered. He buried his tomahawk in the third Miami's brain.

Arrows Pierce Chest

Arrows from the two remaining Miamis were shot into Nemo's chest, and he fell dying into Lena's arms. Lena snatched her son from his cover, threw him into the arms of a Miami, then buried the scalping knife in her own heart and fell dying on the body of Nemo.

The Miamis resolved to spare the child, because of Lena's bravery. Nemo and Lena were buried side by side on the top of the knoll. Their once happy home was pillaged and destroyed, and nothing was left to mark the spot except a few tiny apple trees. These trees were bearing fruit when the white man first visited the spot.

The little son was adopted by the Miami tribe, but when he grew to manhood and learned his true identity, he went to the Shawnees and joined his father's tribe. He was with Tecumseh when he treated with Gen. Harrison, was at the Battle of Tippecanoe, and finally fell, covered with wounds, by the side of Tecumseh at the Battle of the Thames.

The grave of the two lovers was long an object of vereration by the Indians. In their legends they thought the spirits of Nemo and Lean kept vigil at this place. For many years, the Shawnee maidens passed along the prairie and picked flowers to place on the graves in the apple orchard. The fruit of the trees was left untouched for the use of the spirits that hovered near.

Hoosier Legends

I Hear the Tread of Pioneers

By John G. Biel

9 NOV 4 1955

It is often extremely difficult to sift history from legend and legend from history. Prior to the time of written records, historic events and special occurences were perpetuated by minstrel songs and old-timer's sagas but in this singing and telling—and re-singing and re-telling—certainly a great deal of romance and color was injected which was not present in the first place. Still, legends, folk-lore and songs are a part—and a very important part—of our very early history. This was a method of recording history. The story of the "Old Indian Orchard" is a part of the folklore of this fabulous Wabash Valley but how much of it is authentic history and how much is purely fabricated legend, no one knows today.

When the little town of Terre Haute was first started, back in 1816, the cemetery for the town was established on a spot which was called—by the earliest of the settlers and the local Indians, from a time antedating the memories of any of them—the "Old Indian Orchard." This spot was just south of the present Big Four Railroad tracks as they enter on the bridge to cross the Wabash River—in fact the railroad right-of-way cuts through a high mound at this point which was sacred to the memory of Nemo and Lena.

When the first white Europeans came to this spot, it had growing upon and around it a few stunted, gnarled and scraggy apple trees from which it took its name. The fruit from these trees was left untouched, for the use of the spirits which hovered around there. The Indian maidens and the young men who were ready for marriage would sprinkle flower blossoms around and over this mound paying homage to the heroism, fidelity and virtue of Nemo and Lena. These apple trees could not have been planted by John Chapman—the famous "Johnny Appleseed"—as he was not born until 1774 and did not appear out here in this country until after 1806. Those apple trees were ancient and honored long before that time.

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SOME TIME, in about 1748, a little white girl named Lena, about two or three years old, was stolen by the Indians from her home in Pennsylvania. One of the Indian warriors in this attacking group snatched her out of the burning log home of her parents—after they were killed—and took her to his home and adopted her. This warrior was a Miami. He brought Lena to his home on the banks of the Wabash to the Indian village which antedated We-a-te-no, on the site of present-day Terre Haute. His wigwam was on the top of the mound which later became the "Old Indian Orchard." Here Lena grew up in the tradition and custom of the Indians and became a very beautiful girl, outstanding among the Indians because of her pale skin and golden hair.

1764—when Lena was just 17 or 18 years old—Col. Henry Bouquet raised the siege of Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh) and penetrated into the enemy's country in the upper Ohio River Valley where he completely subdued the Shawnee and Delaware Indian tribes. His expedition was most effective. He entered into several treaties with those Indians in which they all promised allegiance to the English Crown. One of the restrictions he made was that these Indians should go around the country and secure the release and return of all white captives then held by any of the Indian tribes. Red Hawk, the orator of the Shawnee tribe—although not relishing the whole thing—did promise, for his tribe, that they would bring in all the white captives from all the towns by the coming Spring.

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NEMO was a young Shawnee warrior. He was about 18 or 19 years old and typical of the Shawnee tribe. This tribe—of which Tecumseh was later a member—was made up of perfect physical specimens. They were tall and athletic; with dark, flashing eyes: the true aquiline nose: prominent cheeks and straight, raven-black hair. They were extremely proud, aristocratic and intelligent people. They were the type we picture the Indian to be today—which most of the other tribes were not. Nemo was chosen by the tribe—because he was bold and swift-running—to carry the mesasge to the villages along the Wabash River and secure the release of the white captives.

Nemo came up to the wigwam of Lena and her adopted father. The Miami and the Shawnee had always been the bitterest of enemies. When Nemo came, clad in his bright, rich Shawnee costume with pinions clipped from the wing of a mountain eagle in his hair: a wide, richly-wrought belt encircling his waist from which hung his tomahawk and scalping knife; with a cloak of dressed and highly decorated deerskin hanging from his shoulders and his bow and quiver of arrows over his shoulder, Lena's father saw at once he was his hated enemy and attempted to kill him. Lena came between them and entreated her father to give him shelter and food as they would any traveling stranger. The father agreed and Nemo was made welcome.

He told them of his mission. Lena listened attentively. She knew she was a "pale-face"; she had vague memories of her early days in a different environment; she had flashes of pictures of a mother and a father and of several other children—pale faced as she was—playing around with her. Because of these memories she was interested in going with Nemo but still, she did not want to leave her home on the Wabash where she had lived so long and so happily. Her father finally convinced her she should go: so, with a very sad parting with her adopted father, she and Nemo set out at dawn for Fort Pitt.

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THE WAY was long and dangerous. Wild animals beset them; food must be gathered; shelter must be obtained and, working together, living together and traveling together, as they did, Nemo and Lena fell in love. Nemo must, however, keep his word so he delivered Lena to Colonel Henry Bouquet and the assembled tribes of Shawnees and Delawares in the Spring. Lena was taken back to Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Susquehanna, and turned over to her family. Her parents were dead; her brothers and sisters were strangers to her; she was a stranger to them: her manner of living was different and she could not be happy. She longed for her Indian home on the Wabash—and for Nemo.

In the Fall Nemo came to her, being unable to stay away any longer. She realized immediately that she belonged to him and only with him could she find happiness. The law of Pennsylvania prevented marriages between Indians and the whites but the law also gave freedom to those who were over 18. They ran away and—"when beyond all civilization, where the deer became tame and the panther and the bear only left the pathway to let the lovers pass, in this universal solitude, where nature, fresh from the hands of the Creator, was all around them . . . without the forms of law and governed by no earthly statute"—they were married, swearing eternal faith and fidelity each to the other.

When they arrived back at Lena's home, they found thatt he whole village had been destroyed and all of the huts and wigwams burnt. They rebuilt on the mound where Lena had had such a happy childhood and lived there for many happy and peaceful years. On and around their home. on this mound, Lena planted apple seeds which she had brought with her from Pennsylvania and those trees grew, were nurtured by her and bore fruit.

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NEMO AND LENA had a little papoose — a boy, bright eyed and fair — but when he was about 7 years old a band of Miamis descended upon this happy family from up the river.

The Miamis recognized Nemo for one of their hated enemies, the Shawnees. They immediately fought and, although Nemo killed several of them, he was finally pierced by a well-aimed, flint-tipped arrow and fell into Lena's arms, where he died. Lena was beside herself with grief and despair. The Miamis sat around. Finally, Lena snatched her little boy from his hiding place and with a prayer to the Great Spirit for his future threw him into the arms of one of the Miami. She then drew Nemo's scalping knife from his belt and, leaning over him, plunged it into her heart. She fell onto Nemo's body and died.

The Miami were greatly awed and impressed by such sacrifice. They cleared the mound of the wigwam and, in the center it, buried Nemo and Lena—together, side by side.

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The Miami were greatly awed and impressed by such sacrifice. They cleared the mound of the wigwam and, in the center of it, buried Nemo and Lena—together, side by side.

The little boy was taken to the Miami tribe but, when he was old enough to realize he was a Shawnee and not a Miami, he ran off to the Shawnee and later, fought along with Tecumseh at the Battle of the Thames—and died there with Tecumseh.

Even today—if you have the mind to see—if you should go at midnight onto the Big Four Railroad track where it cuts across this mound on the east bank of the Wabash River, you may see the shimmering wraith-like forms of Nemo and Lena hovering over their apple trees—or it could be fog coming in from the River, but then, that is up to you.

Legends (TH)

INDIANA ROOM

PAMPHLET FILE

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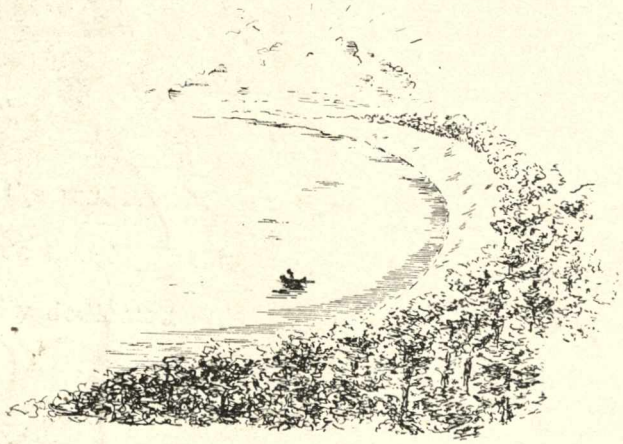

INDIANA

THE OLD INDIAN ORCHARD

A LEGEND

BY

CHESTER L. FIDLAR

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA
THE INLAND PUBLISHING COMPANY
1896.

DEDICATION.

To the reader who has the courage, patience and endurance to pursue this legend to the end, this trembling venture is very gratefully dedicated.

NOTE.

When the first white settlers came to the spot where Terre Haute now stands, they found on a high knoll rising on the left-hand bank of the river, an apple orchard full grown and bearing. When, and by whom planted always remained a mystery. The early settlers knew it simply as the Old Indian Orchard. Every trace of the orchard has long since disappeared; only the following legend explaining its origin, remains. The writer does not claim originality for the bare facts of the legend; he has simply attempted to give the gem a setting. How well he has succeeded the reader must judge.

The Old Indian Orchard.

HERE on the bank of the Wabash, o'erlooking that turbulent stream,
Rises a knoll like a watch-tower, to guard and protect its domain.
Crowned is the crest of the knoll, with grand oaks of a century's growth;
Skirting the banks of the river in all of its windings the woods
Crowd for a view of its waters, reluctant to yield the glad sight.
Stretching away to the east and the north lie the prairies sublime,
Bounded afar in the distance by bulwarks of forest-crowned hills.
Here from the foot of the knoll, like a serpent, the river recoils,

Shows for a time his broad length, then is lost in the forest again;
Farther away his bright scales glance a moment to view, then once more
Darts he aside in the forest and never again reappears.
Softly the breeze from the prairie, makes music on Sylvia's harp;
Murmurs arise from the river and blend with the song of the trees.
Forest and river and prairie, conspire to make this a spot
Fit for the home of the gods that once dwelt on Olympus of old.
Ah could this spot, now so tranquil, have power of the seer of old
To brush back the veil of the future and view scenes as yet all unborn,
Pleasure and sorrow and anguish through vistas of years 'twould behold!
Autumn, returned from her wand'rings has walked forth again thro' the land;

Called forth her army of artists to decorate Summer's design.
Touched here the oak trees with scarlet, the poplars with rarest of gold,
Maples with purple and crimson, and willows with soberest brown.
Out on the prairie the asters have scattered their premature snow;
Goldenrod gives back in flowers the sunshine of long summer days;
Iron-weed robed in his purple is monarch of all the domain.
Over the land and the river hangs dreamily, softly, a haze;
Autumn is burning her incense to the Almighty Spirit above.
Here in the midst of this splendor where never the ravaging hand
Felled yet the patriarch stately, or furrowed the prairie land broad;
Here on the knoll with its panorama of river and plain,

Stands the rude home of the Indians, a village of nature, uncouth.
Wigwams that seem to be kindred, of forest, and river and plain;
Children were all, of one power that spoke into being each form.
Evening has come with its splendor; the sun gladly yields his control,
Flees from the scene of his honor, 'mid pageant of many-hued clouds.
Fainter and paler the splendor till only the dim light reveals,
Scarcely a trace of the gorgeous array that has passed on beyond
Here on the edge of a cloud that, as bystander, venturing too near
Brushed from a garment superb that a royal retainer had worn
Tinsel of amber and gold and of crimson and amethyst rare.
Over the river and forest the garments of darkness are drawn

Closer and closer. As torrents leap down from the hills and ravines
Darkened and stained and at once plunge into the river and there
Mingle and mix till at last all darkened and stained is the tide,
So shadows from their retreats and mingle and mix with the light
Till all becomes sombre and dark; and far out o'er the river the mists,
Spirits of warriors, arise, and all through the dark watches of night
Dance there the dance of the ghosts, chill and spectral, silent and dread.
There in the willows the crows are now gath'ring to rest for the night.
Hark! from the far water's edge comes the harsh rasping croak of the frog,
Answered by cry of the crane from far o'er in the reeds and the marsh.
Darting about through the forest on noiseless and spectral wing,

Pausing a moment to send forth his shivering cry fraught with ill,

Starts forth the owl, the marauder, for deeds only mete for the night.

Out on the prairie is heard now the long plaintive wail of the wolf.

Up at the village the fires glow and shine in the gathering gloom.

Hunters returned from the chase have brought with them the fattest of deer.

Busy o'er kettle and fire the women preparing a feast

Pass and repass in the light like weird witches o'er cauldron of fate.

Flitting about with the women, like fairy 'mid mortals of earth,

One could behold there a figure that seemed not a part of the group.

Blue were her eyes as the violet that peeped from its nook in the woods;

Golden her hair as the sunbeams that played with the clouds of the west.

Weather and sunshine conspiring could not her fair breeding efface;

Fell from her lips the harsh words of the Indian, like singing of brooks;

Lena, the name too, betrayed that no child of the forest was she.

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Straight to the river, the hunters have hastened to cool in its tide.

Tiresome and long has the chase been o'er prairie, through forest and glade;

Fleet was the foot of the deer but yet fleeter the hunter's, and strong;

True was the step of the deer, but yet truer the arrow that sped.

Gathered at length 'round the fire, before the lodge door of their chief

Hunters are telling the tales of the chase of the king of the woods.

Many the scenes here recounted with gestures to magnify words.

Drifting at length from the chase of the deer to a nobler game,
Speaks the old chieftain of battle and ambush and marches and wars.
Tells of the scalps he has taken from enemies powerful and brave;
Tells of the feuds between tribes that more deadly with ages have grown;
Tells of the blood that has flown this fierce hatred of years to appease;
Tells of the enemy sleeping, unconscious of danger and death;
Tells of the silent approach, then the spring and the victory won;
Tells the exploits of his braves, till by gathering strength from the past
Seems his aged form once again to be filled with the fires of youth;
Tells till the hatred of foes that in silence has slept through long years,
Bursting to fiercest of flame, now he trembles and sways in his wrath;

Tells till the warriors around him grasp weapons of battle once more,
Ready at word from their leader to rush forth to vengeance again;
Tells till the young men are fired with thirsting for glory and fame;
Tells—but in the midst of his passion, as noiseless as shadow, a form
Glides through the circle of warriors and silently faces the chief.
Silent, a moment the chieftain, then towered his form in his wrath,
Flashed his dark eyes and his nostrils dilated, quivered with rage.
In the intruder beholds he the Shawnee, most hated of foes.
Rang forth the warcry aloud then, through forest, o'er river and plain;
Startled the crows from their slumber and silenced the frogs in the marsh.
Far o'er the river, the echoes hurled back in defiance the cry.

Silent, expectant and awed now awaited the forest and plain.

Sprang every warrior erect with his weapon drawn ready for strife.

Instant an arrow was fixed and was aimed at the heart of the chief;

Only the move of a hand, and their chief's life the penalty dire.

Thus in suspense stood the foes with the hatred of ages in check.

Quick as a phantom the figure of Lena approaches the chief;

One soft hand lays on his arm and the other the hunting knife clasps.

"Listen, my father," she said, "here a stranger asks shelter to-night;

Hungry he asks of your bounty and weary he seeks only rest:

Though the most hated of foeman he stands here before you to-night,

When, such appeal at his wigwam did Delaware ever refuse?"

Slowly the old chief relaxes the tension of anger and rage;

Slowly the hatred of ages is buried beneath that soft hand;

Slowly the hunting-knife gleaming, returns to its lair at his side.

Then to the stranger extended in welcome the hand of the chief;

Welcome to lodge and to fire, to food and to rest for the night.

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Siler ter the meal has been finished, the stranger his message relates.

Clear lls how the pale warriors came with Bouquet the great chief in command:

Well me from Virginia and Pennsylvania in numbers as great

Bow s leaves of the forest when springtime returning has bid them come forth.

Eye ow the great chieftain had spoken and summoned a council of peace.

Senecas, Delawares came, and the Shawnees though thirsting for war,
Red Hawk their chief had declared the firm faith of his braves to the peace.
Tells how the tribes must return all the captives again to their homes;
Speaks how the treaty was sealed by all smoking the peace pipe around;
Tells of the couriers hastened to carry the news to the tribes;
Tells how he, Nemo, was chosen to carry the word to the homes
Of tribes on the Wabash; and then all the scenes of his journey recounts.
Westward, still westward he hastened, the moss on the trees for his guide;
Rivers were swum where the torrent was roaring and rushing and wild;
Food for the journey provided alone by his unerring bow,
Or berries and clusters of grapes that were plucked as he hastened along;

Only the earth for his couch, while some thick tree his wigwam supplied;
Nights how the panther would scream and the wolf howl on prairie and hill.
Westward, still westward he journeyed, till gaining the brow of the hills
That bordered the prairie he saw then afar toward the close of the day
Smoke from the knoll slowly rising and knew that his journey was o'er.
Then from his neck he unloosened the wampum that bore the command,
Silently stepped to the chieftain and laid in his hand the decree.
Clearly the old chief deciphered the order engraved on the shells.
Well did he know what befell the rash chief who disdained such command.
Bowed then the old warrior's head and he trembled with sorrow and grief;
Eyes, that at pain only smiled, now grew misty and blinded with tears.

Quick with a message of comfort sped Lena and knelt at his side.
" Why art thou grieved father dear; for I am no Indian I know;
Still I'm your child and shall always stay in your wigwam with you."
" Little you know my dear child that the words that you say cannot be."
" Why must I leave thee my father, the only friend I've e'er known?"
" For being alone what thou art child, a paleface, no Delaware thou.
Far to the east where the sun first begins his proud march of the day,
There where the floods of the Susquehanna sing praises aloud,
There is the home of thy kindred, thy brothers and sisters and friends.
Many the moons that have vanished since war parties plundered your home.
Snatched from the flames of your dwelling I bro't you, my child to my lodge.

Weak was your hand, mine was strong, and uncertain your step, mine was sure.
I was then first in the chase, in the battle the bravest of all;
Quick was my hand to the bow and unerring the arrow I sent.
Thus did I guard thee my child from the hand of the enemy brave;
Loved thee, and fed thee and clothed thee, till here now you kneel child; but see,
Trembles my hand, yours is steady, and heavy my foot, yours as light
As fawn's on the prairie at dawning. No more in the chase I delight;
In battle no pleasure I see, in the deeds of the past I rejoice.
When the first light of the dawning, shall frighten the wolf to his den,
Scatter the mists from the river and silence the frogs in the marsh,
Then be prepared for the journey, this stranger must lead thee away;

Back to the land of thy people, far back to thy kindred and friends.
Thus in my age must thou leave me, for this is the great chief's command.
Soon, and the forest and prairie will know me no more, and the spring
Coming again will not find me; but go child, the great chief has willed.
Leave the wild home of the Indian by, Wabash and forest and plain:
Haste, for the dawn will be coming. My blue eyes, my golden hair, go."
Slowly the old chief arose; then one long parting look at his child,
Turned on his heel and away he silently strode in the dark.

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Long ere the chief of the day had yet frightened the shadows away,
Long ere the timorous doe her retreat in thicket had sought,

Nemo continued his journey and led the fair captive away.
Thus as they passed through the forest, from village to village they went;
Many the captives released at the word of command which he bore.
Then with their hearts and their faces all turned to the land of the dawn,
Jubilant, anxious, yet fearful, did Nemo the guide lead them on.
Long was the journey and weary, and many the trials they met.
What seemed the power attracting to Lena the guide of the band?
Choicest the branches he cut for her couch when the day's march was done;
Choicest the clusters he gathered for her from the vine as they passed,
If in the dead of the midnight the panther would scream, at her side
Nemo was ready to quiet her fears with his presence and word;

Sudden and driving the torrent, his cloak her protection would be;
Swollen and rapid the river, his arm bore her safe to the shore.
What was that mystical power? Ah what is the power impels
The panther to die for her young; and the bird, when her brood are assailed,
Fear of the serpent to lose and to flutter and struggle and die?
What is the power impels the brave hunter to leave his warm lodge,
Wander for days in the chase and to perish from hunger and cold?
What is the power that finds in a pain for another, a joy?
What is the power impelling to sacrifice all the world o'er?
Words need not tell it, for language can never tell thoughts of the heart.
Thus on their journey they wended, and sometimes the touch of a hand,

Sometimes the glance of an eye would reveal to each other that power.
Long was the journey and weary, but now the Ohio was passed;
Over the mountains they clambered, and soon the sore journey was done.
Many the hearts that were gladdened as kindred to kindred were joined.
Back to the home of her childhood was Lena restored from the dead;
Back to his home in the forest went Nemo, his mission complete.

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Moons came and went, and the springtime returned with her minstrels once more;
Called, and the trees of the forest awoke from their slumbering long;
Breathed on the hills and the vales, and her breath into flowers was transformed.
Gentle and kind were her kindred, but restless was Lena, and longed—

Longed for the home on the Wabash, and sighed for the forest and plain:
Longed for the freedom she knew on the river, on prairie, in glen;
Longed, as the wild bird imprisoned, will long for the forest and skies.
Filled is the village with terror! A savage is seen to approach!
Haughty and fearless his bearing; and comes he for plunder or peace?
Only a glance at the warrior and Lena has flown to his arms.
Comes he for war? No, for plunder; to plunder a home of his bride.
Fervent entreaty and pleading, and e'en stern decrees of the land
Powerless prove ever to stifle affection and bid it to die;
Seems it to thrive and to flourish and strengthen when strongest opposed.
Peaceful and all unsuspecting to slumber the village is lain;

Gone the last light from its casement and Silence resumes her domain.
Hanging low down in the heavens the waning moon sheds her pale rays,
Chilling, uncanny and ghostly and weird and gloomy and dread;
Moon that illumines the hours when Morpheus reigns o'er the land.
Seldom his subjects behold it, but feelings of unexplained dread
Throng the beholder. He wonders why feelings and thoughts should arise
And fill him with vague apprehensions of ills and calamities dire.
Thus as the village lay sleeping two forms in the moonlight appear.
Silent and swift as the shadow the owl casts in winging his flight,
Pass they away to the forest and blend with the shadow it casts.
Are they two uneasy spirits returned from the unknown, and now

Choosing this weird hour to visit the scenes of their carnal career?
No! 'tis the savage and Lena impelled by a power to brave
E'en this dread hour. As they hasten, to Lena come feelings of fear.
Seems every shadow a foeman, each bush a pursuer conceals;
Starts every nerve at the snap of a twig as they hasten along;
Hoot of the owl has a terror she never had known there before;
Skurries the rabbit before them, the arm of her lover she clasps.
Never the poise of the Indian by sounds of the night is disturbed;
Never the shadows are terrors to Nemo a child of the woods,
True to his course he continues and quiets her fears with a word.
Thus in their flight do they hasten and miles grow to leagues unawares.

Vain the pursuit of her kindred when morning discloses their flight,
Wearied, despondent, defeated, they homeward return from the search.
Westward, still westward, the lovers continue their flight, till at last,
Crossed is the placid Ohio, and standing alone on its banks,
Only the birds of the forest to witness their plighting of faith,
Pledged each a love to the other that ever through trials would last.
Screamed from his perch o'er the water the eagle to Nemo, "be brave;"
Cooed from her nest in the maple to Lena, the dove, "to be true."
Thus were these children of nature in marriage united as one.
Westward, still westward, they hastened through forest, o'er prairie and hill.
Now as their flight they continued, dim traces of footprints were seen,

Only the bend of a grass-blade or here where a broken twig lay
Told to the keen eyes of Nemo, that hunters had traveled the way.
Suddenly rang through the forest, the warcry, and Nemo beheld
Three of the hated Miamis, the Shawnees most deadly of foes.
Quick and unerring his arrow; the foemen before him were two.
Then, with the rage of a demon, a foeman seized Lena and drew
Her for his shield from the arrow of Nemo; but true was the eye,
Steady the hand of the lover, a moment uncovered the foe;
Twang of the bow and an arrow has shorn from her temple a lock,
Transfixed the heart of her captor; the enemy numbers but one.
Forth sprang the last of the foemen determined the prize shall be won;

Gleamed in the sunlight of evening his hunting knife brandished aloft.
Forward to meet him sprang Nemo, his weapon his hunting knife true.
Ah—had this struggle but happened in lands where the eye of the world
Searches for deeds of devotion and danger, incurred for true love,
Poets had sung of the hero, his name into story had gone.
Only the trees of the forest this battle for love to behold!
There face to face stand the foemen, each knowing that one must succumb.
Strong the Miami through hatred he drew from old feuds of the past;
Strong the Shawnee in the future and plight to protect he had made.
Round and around pass the warriors; a thrust and a feint and a ward,
Quick as the swoop of the eagle, the Shawnee has pinioned his foe;

Firm in his grasp is the knife-hand, the face of his enemy pales.
Poised for an instant his weapon, like hawk ere it drops on its prey;
Drops as the meteor flashes, and hatred falls, conquered by love.
Westward, still westward they journey; the knoll by the river is reached.
Ah what a sad desolation where once stood the village she knew.
Gone are the home by the Wabash, her friends and the old chief she loved.
Scarcely a trace left to tell where his wigwam had stood, and the path
Leading the way to the river, by grass and neglect was effaced.
Sad the emotions that came as she thought of the long happy hours
Spent on the knoll and the river with those whom she cherished and loved.
Lonely and sad this home-coming to what in her heart she had planned.

Weary, despondent, and downcast she sat with her head bowed in grief.
Thus did she sit with her sorrow, but Nemo was busy the while;
Busy with bark and with sapling and soon a warm wigwam was made.
Only a word, a caress, and her grief and her sorrow had flown.
Here in his love she could find compensation for all she had lost.
Thus on the banks of the Wabash in midst of the wilderness vast,
Stood the two lovers alone as the day slowly died in the west,
Only their love a foundation for rearing the structure of life.
Forest and river and prairie the needs for the structure must give.
Days flitted by, and the wigwam to dwelling substantial gave place.
Busy with flowers and garden was Lena, as summer drew nigh,

Forest and river and prairie gave Nemo their choicest of food.

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All through the long and sore journey an apple had Lena kept safe;
Brought from the home of her kindred through trials and danger and want.
Here on the knoll by the river she planted its seed, and her hands
Tended and watered and cared for the fragile plants day after day.
Thus did she watch them grow stronger as visions she saw of reward.
Years came and went, and her hands now were guiding another young plant;
Straight as the poplar he grew and the likeness of Nemo possessed.
Oft' in the shade of the orchard they sat through the long summer days,
Learned his first lessons from Lena, of God—the Great Spirit above.

Queer were the lessons she taught him, half lore of the Indian, and half
Things she had learned from her kindred, with secrets of flowers and birds.
Learned from his father, and wisdom of prairie and river and woods,
Where were the haunts of the deer and the timorous rabbit to snare.
Years chased each other away o'er this home of contentment and love;
Strong grew the child, and the orchard had promised at last a reward.
Gladly they saw it adorned with its garments of blossoms in spring;
Patiently watched through the summer the tender fruit growing the while.
Scarcely an apple was there but the child had its number and name,
Marvelous fruit in his eyes, as he learned from his mother of lands
Far to the east where it flourished in forest as vast as he saw

Hiding the low lands that lay on the river across from their home.
Gone were the long days of summer and autumn had ceased now to smile;
High in the heavens the wild goose, that transient, was hastening south,
Shot like an arrow by Winter and sounding alarm as he sped;
Honked his weird lamentation and told them of storms and of snow.
Ah! 'twas arranged on the morrow the fruit of the orchard to pluck;
Long years of toil and of waiting at last should receive their reward.
Soon on his pallet of deer-skin the lad fell asleep, but his dreams
Fled past the darkness of midnight and reveled in morning's bright beams.
Long by the fire sat the lovers and talked of the happy years gone.
Time and again did he ask if regrets ever came to her heart

For leaving her home and her kindred and sharing this wild life with him.
Well did he know what her answer, but yet he would hear it again.
Thus as they sat here together they planned for the future; but hark!
Crash! and the door of their dwelling is forced from its fastenings, and there
Sprang in the hated Miamis their thirsting for vengeance to slake!
Quick as the spring of the panther, and Nemo is facing the foe!
True as the dart of the fish-hawk, his tomahawk flies, and the foe
Dazed by the light for an instant, lies dead on the altar of hate!
Out of the darkness an arrow, dire vengeance directing its flight,
Fastened its death in the bosom of Nemo, but forward he sprang,
Placing himself between Lena and harm, still remembering his troth.

Out of the darkness another, with triumph directing its flight,

Drank deep the life from his bosom, but still to his troth he was true;

Out of the darkness another, the venom of feuds in its flight,

Silenced forever the heart-throbs that spoke only love strong and true.

Forward he sank as another, with pitiless cruelty sped,

Silenced her quakings of terror; the lovers lay dead side by side.

All was the deed of a moment, the enemy fled as he came,

Silently came as the serpent, left death, and as silently sped.

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Morning returned sad and gloomy; chill mists from the river arose;

Fogs settled down o'er the prairie to hide from the world the dread sight.

Out in the orchard, the lad, grown to manhood in one horrid night,

Dug for the lovers one grave; then he buried them there, as in life,

Heart laid to heart, hand in hand, they had journeyed thro' trials and joys.

Then from the branches above them one apple he plucked, and away,

Out o'er the prairie he sped and was lost in the mist and the fog.

Years passed in stately procession; the home is the haunt of the owl.

Many the wand'ring Miami that never returned to his lodge.

After his vengeance was sated, the lad grown to years and renown

Cast in his lot with Tecumseh and perished with him at the Thames.

Years winged their way and the orchard in springtime would scatter its bloom

Over the grave of the lovers and pour there in autumn its fruit.

Flowers that strayed from the garden they tended with joy and with care,
Wandered in search of the missing and laid their small gift on the grave.
Over their heads in the branches the birds sang of love such as theirs.
Still stands the knoll by the Wabash, but near it a village has sprung.
Out on the prairie the farmer has wounded its green with the share;
Many the pride of the forest that fell from its throne at his stroke.
Oft' in the twilight of summer, fond lovers will stray hand in hand,
Up to the Old Indian Orchard, and pause there awhile o'er the grave.
Little they know of its secret, nor dream that the orchard remains
Ever a constant memorial, a monument over true love.